

IE Back to School 2002

Vol. 30 Issue 1



IE WALLS IN SIN

*The Fascinating
World of the
Apocalypse!*

submit
submit
submit
submit

Shameless Begging for Submissions (formerly known as Editor's note)

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* Submit

Dear Fans,

I will try to keep this as short and sweet as I am. You make me what I am - Everything I have achieved is because of you. I couldn't do it without you. I will always hold a special place in my heart for you. Another opportunity to express your affection has arrived, however, and I call upon your loyalty and love to serve in my name. Namely by submitting stuff to IE. So get off your lazy, fat asses and just do it!

Love always,

Me (Ed. Despair)

I SAID,
I MIGHT
READ IT!

Hey hey hey, Hip cats and cool kids! It's time for another exciting year of insolence and excellence, with your hosts Laura and Laura. The Beatles are on the radio singing about revolution, that distinctive nip is in the air, and I keep waking up in a cold sweat thinking about the fact that my first name is the same as that of George W. Bush's wife. What do these seemingly unrelated things have to do with each other, you ask? You guessed it! They all mean that YOU (yes YOU, dear reader) need to submit to IE! If not for me, do it for the children.

One last quick note before you embark upon this adventure of mystery and intrigue as *IE Wallows in Sin*. We could not have produced what you hold in your sticky little hands today were it not for the help of some *super* hip cats and cool kids. Love and hugs and sloppy kisses to ~~Megan~~, ~~on~~, ~~Imee~~, ~~Sasha~~, ~~Melle~~, ~~Oman~~, ~~Blake~~, and of course, my very friend and faithful cohort, ~~Laura~~.

Onward and upward!

-Ed. Err



TOM HATEFULLY
GRABS THE TRACT &
STUFFS IT IN HIS POCKET.

IE Horoscopes

Sagittarius

Sagittarius, I'm bored with my life. I feel like a hamster, running endlessly on a poorly-oiled wheel. If you feel the same, do something about it! Escape from the cage, nibble on some electrical wire, pee on the carpet. You'll thank me later.

Virgo

I've had it, Virgo. I'm running off to Scotland to herd sheep. You can come, if you want. We can build a little stone cottage, and fashion fine clothing out of the wool. You can cook me haggis, and maybe we'll have three strapping boys to help about the homestead. we can read proust by the firelight, and you can rub my feet...Oh, and some bad shit's going down this month. Keep an eye out.

Leo

Your friends think you're cheap. Buy them all IEs.

Aquarius

I'm told your past is back to haunt you, Aquarius, but that's some pretty damn lame shit to be haunted by. Go live a little, get some booty, commit a misdemeanor or two, then we'll talk haunting.

Aries

continued on next page

Your creative spirit is crying like a crack baby. Let it out! Nourish it by contributing some IE goodness, or the stars may well align to screw you up the ass. And not in a good way.

Taurus

You pervert. That's right, your dirty little secret is out, and frankly, I'm intrigued. I didn't know people could bend that way.

Libra

Wow, you really shouldn't have done that, but it was amusing for the rest of us. I'll bet you've blocked it out. Or maybe not. maybe it's burned on your brain. I wish I could tell you you'd get over it, but man... You know, this is the reason your friends stop talking when you enter the room and giggle as you walk away. You'll get some refershing perspective on the situation when you're on your deathbead, but until then, it will eat away at you like so many termites...Don't worry, it'll only be 6 months.

Cancer

Take a walk on the wild side, Cancer... go over to Taurus' house some night, and bring a pitchfork.

gement
You are underappreciated in your own time, like Jesus. Try doing something fancy with some loaves, or something.

Scorpio
So, Scorpio...I have this...thing. See, it's kind of embarrassing, but it's...well, it's itchy. And it has to do with last month's horoscope. Oh, you remember.

Capricorn
Looking around, Capricorn, I notice that a lot of people have really ugly shoes. Now, I'm not usually one to judge on the basis of clothing or appearance, but these are *really* ugly shoes. I mean, up there with leg warmers and parachute pants. Are you one of the ugly shoe people, Capricorn? Meditate on this. You just may find the source of all of your misfortune.

Pisces
Poor Pisces. All you ever want is to feel loved. That may be because your mother never wanted you, your friends don't like you, and everyone who dated you did it out of pity. Buy some IEs and the map will love you, superficially at least. At this point, I wouldn't be too picky.

I need...

1. One (1) of those rainbow hats with a propellar on top
2. Six (6) pairs of edible panties
3. Eighty (80) gallons of Diet Fresca™
4. One (1) endangered bengal tiger
5. One thousand (1,000) plush tinky-winky toys
6. Thirty (30) boxes of Chicken n' Biscuit crackers
7. Eight (8) fully functional ovaries
8. The handwriting of Mrs. Rauh
9. Eleven (11) shiny monkey-wrenches
10. One (1) teal colored pencil



...and then I shall rule the world.

RAUHETA J. CASH

Mad Props (formerly known as Dedications)

- ◇ To getting CAS hours for creating genitalia out of objects found in nature

WANT TO DESERVE MAD PROPS? SUBMIT TO IE!



- ◇ To getting scolded for inappropriate singing during club meetings
- ◇ To Josh and his girth
- ◇ To people who gots bitches
- ◇ To Laura's "phone voice"
- ◇ To fair trade coffee
- ◇ To spatula tongs
- ◇ To Laura's mailman who sits outside her house for hours
- ◇ To replacement Nick

◇ To "furries"

◇ To my dentist who asks about my oral fantasie

To my grandmother's goldfish frick and frack (and the fact that the terms were once slang for testicles)

Typing one-handed
Because other hand coated
In some baby oil

The Worst Story Ever Written

As the theme of this issue is *IE Wallows in Sin*, I thought it appropriate to print the first installment of The Worst Story Ever Written. This story was written with no humorous intent by a fellow by the name of Justin Merrill Grosslight, a swarthy Jewish Stanford student who claims to have the following four “W”s in his life: writing, working on math problems, working out, and *women*. It would be unhealthy to print anything beyond a small sampling of this horrific work, but in limited quantities, this story serves as a valuable lesson to us all: DO NOT LET THIS BE YOU.

-Ed. CP (note: This has been copied verbatim - I take no

* Submit to IE * responsibility for the consequences of reading the
* Submit to IE * following)
* Submit to IE *

...Then, when I least expected it, everything came to a thundering halt. It was like someone crashed cymbals in front of my eyes. I was woken from my sensual trance. "Oh my gosh! I didn't realize how late it is! It's past four in the morning and I have to get up really early. I have to go to sleep," she said. I looked at my watch. Four twenty-six. Shit. How the hell was I going to leave Berkeley? Stanford was two hours away, and I had no car. Any acquaintance in San Francisco I may have remotely known would have been asleep for hours.

I felt uneasy. "Um...maybe I should go to the bathroom before I go," I said. Lindsey got up off the blue couch and descended down the stairs to the foyer. She pointed to a narrow staircase to my left. I walked into the bathroom secretly praying that I would be stuck on the toilet for hours. "Can't I stay here?" I asked myself. I washed my hands in the cream-colored sink, watching the soapy water spiral round and round into an artificial vortex. When I came out she was standing by the door radiating a Mona Lisa smile. I did not know what to do. I really wanted to say, "What the hell is wrong with you? It's the middle of the night for Christ's sake!" Another part of me wanted to hold her and tell her I loved her. I settled for the middle road, the appropriate road: I gave her a hug and looked into her gleaming eyes as I embraced her.

I did not understand. Was there a link missing in Lindsey's personality? Was this some fracture in an ethereal being that hinted a chasm of serious social ineptness? I had no clue. The fact remains that in a matter of five minutes I plummeted from my phosphorescent heaven to the depths of Berkeley's foothills. A fiery sword fell upon the door of Alpha Phi; I was banished. It was just darkness now. I looked at the lighted doll's house and I turned around. Blackness. What in the world was I going to do? All I had was my cell phone. I strolled away from the sorority, trying to use landmarks to find my way back to any recognizable place. My head angled toward the ground. I looked on as the tips of my black sandals crossed the cracks in Berkeley's sidewalks. Only a few hours earlier Lindsey and I were headed in the opposite direction with our heads up to the stars. A few remaining meteors streaked by before sunrise. I descended down to Shattuck in search of life.

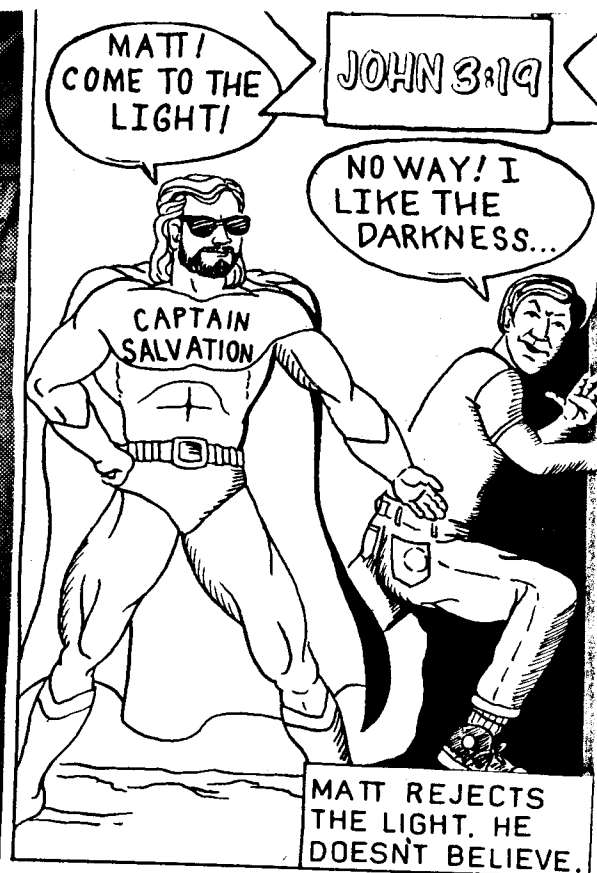
It started to rain. I was extremeley cold, and I began to shiver. I ran under the BART sign to shield me from the raindrop. I was damp inside. I took my cell phone and called a cab. I stoor waitig: just me, and lingering warbles echoing from the stoplights. Within ten minutes an old man arrived in a taxi; the engine growled against the drops of

IE Quiz: Are you a stalker?

1. Was that you outside my house last night?

A. Yes
B. No

If you answered (A), you *are* a stalker!
If you answered (B), you *are not* a stalker!



rain tumbling from the sky. "Take me to the city. Take me anywhere in San Francisco. I need a place to stay until I catch the eight o'clock train to Stanford," I said. I sat in the back of the taxicab and was carried off into the night as water pounded the windshield of the car.

My incredible tryst ended at *Denny's*. I thought I had Lindsey's heart, but all I had was a greasy chicken fried steak waiting to be ravaged by a feindish man. "How disgusting," I thought to myself as i looked at it. The grease from my meat turned the wax paper on my plate into a transparent mirror. The french fries were daggers penetrating my heart. I didn't want to eat, let alone ravage anything. As I stared at my food, I imagined the number of hours I'd be on the treadmill burning off the calories. Any gorgeous image of me - of me and Lindsey- would be shattered if I actually ate my meal. I just wanted the warmth of a shelter.

I sat there for two hours listening to the cafe's seventies music until my waitress, a corpulent and slovenly woman named Nicole, told me I needed to leave to accommodate new customers. I got up and walked down Mission Street toward the Embarcadero. It was a foggy morning and the rain left a mist about the Bay. I stood facing east, staring out at the water. It would never be the same. I was destined to be there: East. One day. Today was not that day.

-Yearning, by Jusin Merrill Grosslight
Pgs. 11-12








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Found in 600 hallway

LOST
and
FOUND
Sponge Bob
Square Pants

Mrs Rance
convinced
to well tell
things?
Dees Rance have
a word + time following
Beats me. I haven't
been following... she
follows weirds like Jamal
+ Steven + sometimes Ben
better than I do. Ben
is smart tho... jus too complex
+ big words for me in the
morning :-)

Note about Ben (and condemning
Mrs. Rance to hell?! Ed. note: punk.)
Found in Mrs. Rance's room, by Ben

25 pounds	50 pounds	75 pounds	100 pounds	125 pounds	150 pounds	175 pounds
						
1 Tablespoon	2 T. or 2 oz.	3 T. or 3 oz.	4 T. or 4 oz.	1 can or 6 oz.	2 cans or 12 oz.	3 cans or 18 oz.

Pamphlet entitled "Fish Facts for Good Health"
Found outside choir room

HELL FROM HOBOS



Magazine article about "Hoboes from Hell"
Found in 600 hallway



There was definately something
fishy going on in the town of Aitkin, and it smelled strangely like
Ludafisk!!? He went confidently to his parents, they will realize their
error now, he thought to himself.

Slip from teacher's union advertising
"Hot Pink Opportunity"
Found in P-17

Story about Minnesota (among the "fishy" thing
about the town: absimal spelling/grammar)
Found in Mrs. Rance's room

HOT PINK OPPORTUNITY

I have never had a bomb bay like nate
and like me! Man I feel kind of stuck! Nate
know I am going to stay with Bobby, but it's
hard!
Note about star-crossed lovers
Found... somewhere?

Six Degrees of Kevin Martin

A decade of Foss romantic history

The following is a list of names linked in the great convoluted tree of Foss love. Arrows indicate the direction of affection. REMEMBER: Finally, unrequited love is just as important as being high school sweethearts or having hot, wild, kinky, monkey jungle sex. Fold out this sheet and get to matching! We've provided a few clues, which are listed in the key below.

▲: ASB President

*: Cheerleader

R: Russian Student (Special Message for Dr. Dan: Let's see if you can really see things the way they are (or were)! The tables have turned, and now I am Johnny Appleseed, giving you the seeds you need to harvest knowledge!)

A: First name is Andrew

J: Jazz Band Member

IE: I.E. Editor

S#: Siblings from the same family have matching numbers following S!

If you think you have the answers (this includes you, Dr. Dan!), please submit to the I.E. Box, and perhaps you will win a fabulous prize!

McNair, Andrew
McCaffrey, Andrew
Heritage, Andrew
Carlton, Andrew
McLain, Will
Jones, Andrea
McLain, Wes
McLain, David

Snow, Laurel
Snow, Meagan
McNair, Eric
Cargol, Damon
Anderson, Amanda
Chung, James
Kucklick, Kristen
Cedar, Tim
Grenier, Alex
Verbowski, Paul
Taylor, Ellie
Cooney, Evan
O'Gara, Beki
Ahdut, Yoni
Ahdut, Amara
Heras, Jon
Stewart, Kate
Burns, Joe
Hadden, Laura
Troy, Andrew
Smith, Tiye
Madden, Mike
Louden, Joyce
Fulp, Doug
Hadden, Jen
Rubin, Jeremy
Penalver, Andre
Penalver, Mario
Enslow, Dan
Chandra
Wasner, Dawn
Gurule, Julian
Jung, Peter
Karnes, Chris
Taylor, Claire
Steffen, Eli
Bell, Brianne
Fransen, Blake
Ackien, Lauren
Lasby, Stephanie
Kyle, Ian
Lambert, Ellen

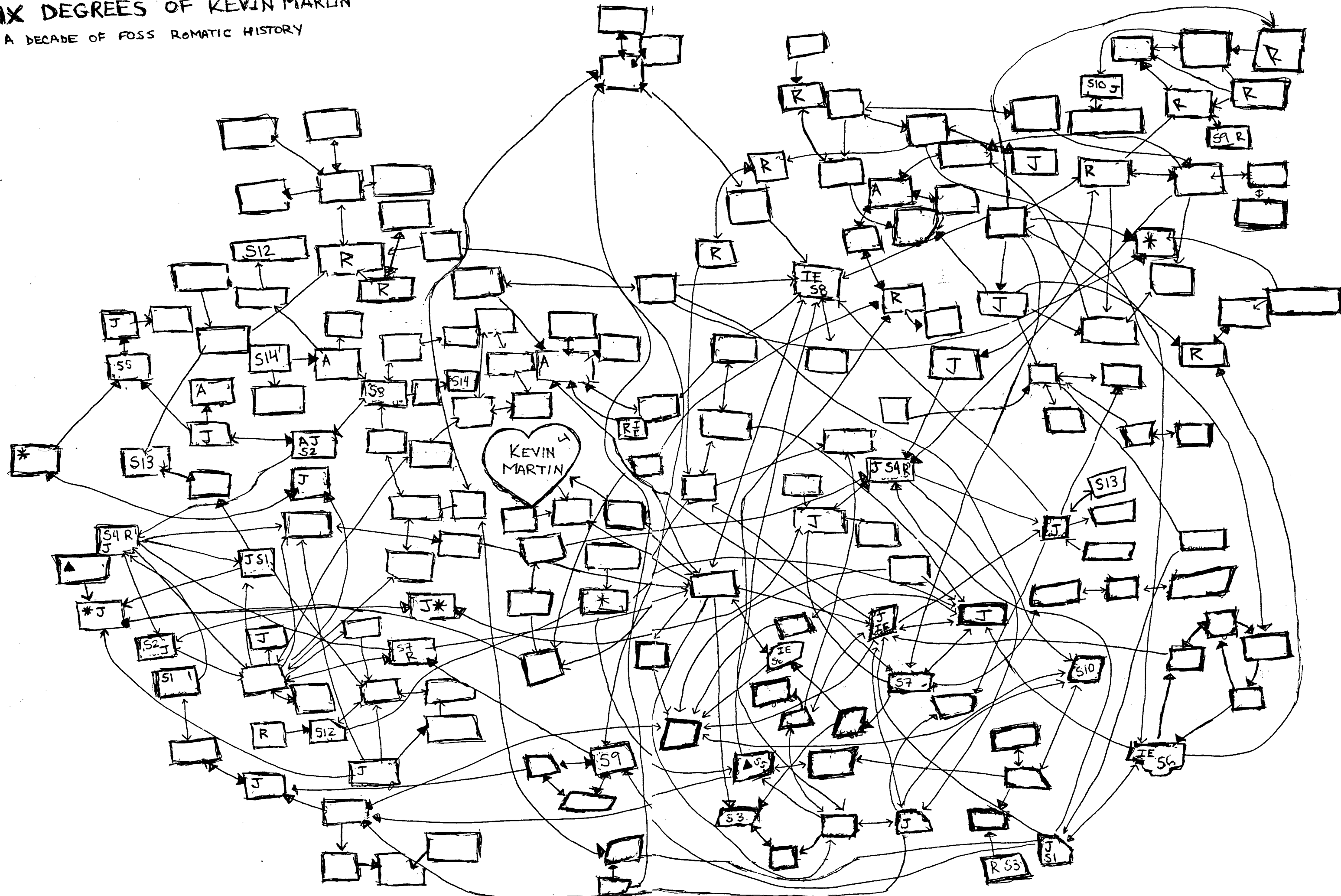
Lambert, Nona
Winther, Katie
Komorus, Nick
Schauss, Nova
Dugger, Ryan
Aguila, Tony
Thomas, Kristen
Grier, Jason
Ngyuen, Lam
Pedone, Brittany
Dowst, Adrian
Ewing, Lindsey
Morgan, Joel
Seago, Ainsley
Seago, Laura
Run, Sarim
Dorsey, Reid
Carlson, Eric
Schmoll, Shannon
Collins, Justin
Takla, Jes
Fry, Amanda
Yeh, Yvonne
Michels, Kara
Woody, Joanna
Qunell, Teresa
Stephens, Rex
Presswood, Elias
Drouhard, Matt
Bensch, Brittany
Mirra, Nick
Hargrove, Janessa
Flynn, Conor
Corning, Susan
Pickford, Mike
Odgen, Erin
Brackett, Dan
Summers, Jill
Summer, Kaely
Trumbly, Michael
Sommers, Deb
McCain, Kristal

Cowart, Chris "Charlie"
Flores, Adam
Miner, David
Matola-Barnes, Becca
Miner, Sarah
Guellmo, Brenda
Waters, Robert
Martinez, Joe
Koch, Tiffane
Atkinson, Emily
Drager, Cyclone "Zach"
Upshaw, Sara
Lupher, Antonio
Foster, Angee
Friedman, Jeremy
Halvorsen, HEF
Finseth, Sarah
Groves, Caitlin
Hippe, Katie
Penell, Jake
Brusser, Daniel
Tomhave, Molly
Stoddard, WJ "Jon"
Bracking, Olita
Hansen, Clare
Maenhout, Adam
Peterson, Kristin
Sherbern, Josh
Vogel, Stuart
Carey, Quinn
Rocke, Owen
Keeton, Bridget
Montgomery, Nami
McCabe, Sharon
Lane, Michael
Durchease, Garret
Sepic, Jacqueline
Osterhous, Liam
Ramseth, Adam
McDonald, Brian
Dugger, Erik
Rutherford, John

Ford, Stephanie
Teresa
Tursi, Maria
Ebburt, Carol
Stevens, Erin
Kirkegaard, Erin
Hawkins, Lisa
Del Rio, Carlos
Heinz, Adam
Newsom, AJ
Jenks, Angela
Anderson, Kevin
Krosk, Fred
Ebbert, Susan
Albert, Jackie
Jones, Robert
Giovanni, Nikki
Davis, Merlin
Celeste
Buckmaster, Mike
Fulp, Scott
Keenan, John
Ronnich, Sam
Goodwin, Robert
Green, Megan
Ferris, David
Futch, Jessica
Foucrier, Jeff
Coulter, Emily
Brands, Daniel
Tompkins, Suzane
Moore, Sarah
Graves, Becca
Face, Brian
Cyrus, Emily
Askew, Christine
Charron, Chris
Hickerson, Bryan
Tuttle, Molly
Coleman, Amy
Gillespie, Rachel
Lerman, Adam

SIX DEGREES OF KEVIN MARLIN

A DECADE OF FOSS ROMANTIC HISTORY



HEY KIDS! IT'S THE... **DRESS DUBYA** ★ CONTEST!

Straight from the pages of the Bestselling *George W. Bush and his Family Paper Dolls*, comes this very sexy template of the president-select. The outfits in the book, however, were less than tantalizing. Who wants to see that rugged hunk o' man-muffin in a suit? Dear reader, this is where you come in. Design an outfit for our dashing commander in chief, and you may win some sort of fabulous prize.™ Submit entries to the IE Box.

What will your Dubya be? An astronaut? A ballerina? A pimp? Use your imagination! Remember, though: Cowboy boots and a tuxedo are always, but always, a fashion *don't*.

Plate 7. George and Laura Bush are depicted at the time that he became governor of Texas. As the appearance of neither has changed much since the governorship, these dolls will also serve as the presidential dolls. Underwear has been chosen as the basic clothing for the dolls, as it is probably more modest than today's swimwear. The President is shown in underwear that is representative of what is worn by his generation, the baby boomers. Cowboy boots are also fitting for this honorary Texan!

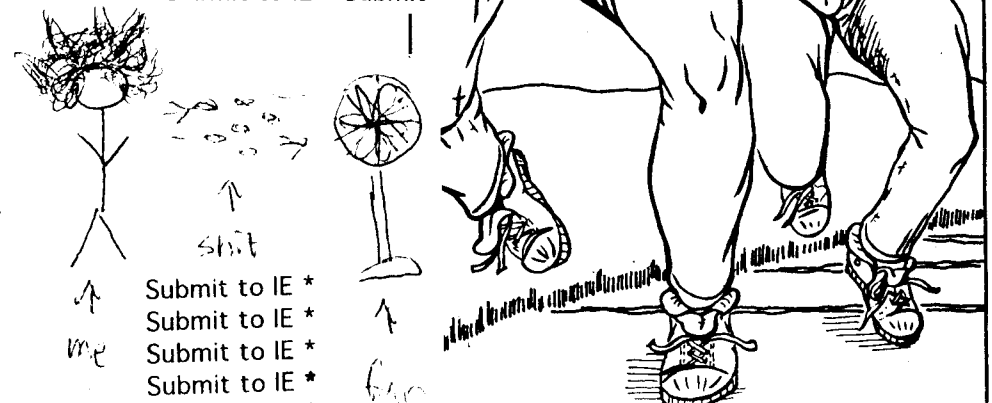


The WASL: The Secret Agenda

While campaigning for state representative, a candidate came across a truly concerned American. Not one of those "peace loving" pansies, mind you; we're talking about a red-blooded, white-skinned, blue collar American. Those colors don't run. We're talking about a woman who knows her enemies, and knows how to run from them. A woman afraid of lesbians and abortions, specifically. That's right -- when she discovered the true agenda of the WASL, she hightailed her daughter out of the public school system. One can only guess what horrors the makers of the WASL are feeding our children. And we did.

1. Clint and Rod are at the new disco, *The Manhole*. Clint challenges Rod, that sexy devil, to a race to the abortion clinic to see who can pick up the first woman. Which man, Clint or Rod, will first realize that he is gay?
2. Laura and Laura wake up next to each other. Neither can remember the other's name due to copious drinking. Laura S. drank 14.3 oz of 80 proof brandy, and has a burnoff rate of 1.2 oz/ hour. Laura H. drank 19.5 oz of 70 proof Bacardi brand liquor, and has a burnoff rate of 0.4 oz/ hour. Who will reach hell the fastest?
3. Abdhul bin Mulhalla has been campaigning for the Socialist party. Yesterday, he petitioned for 4.6 hours. Today, he petitioned for 9.8 hours. Tomorrow, he plans to petition for 1.2 hours. How many innocent babies must die?
4. Ivana lives a life of parties, casual sex with many anonymous partners, paganism, and excessive drug use. Her party pad is 2 miles north of her hovel of sin. Her hovel of sin is 4 miles east of her satanic ritual site. Her satanic ritual site is 1 mile south of the park where she shoots up. The park where she shoots up is 1.5 miles west of the liquor store. At which location will Ivana realize that she needs to accept Jesus into her heart?

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Which IE Staph Member is Your Soulmate?

Who's it gonna be?

1. Do you prefer your women...

- A. From up North
- B. From America, and hating it.
- C. With a penis
- D. Young, very young...

2. What spirit animal turns you on?

- A. Prehistoric 600 lb. beaver
- B. Flamingo
- C. Sheep... mmm...
- D. Stuffed animals

3. What song turns you on?

- A. "Oh, Canada"
- B. "Blowin' in the Wind"
- C. "I'm too Sexy"
- D. "Father Figure"

4. What's your idea of a hot date?

- A. Talking politics while doing naked laundry
- B. Talking politics over fair trade coffee.
- C. Talking politics over fair trade tea.
- D. Talking politics over corporate coffee.

5. What do you like your women wearing?

- A. Only my hairy legs, baby.
- B. White patent leather go-go boots and an American flag, baby.
- C. For the last time, I'm not a woman (baby)!
- D. Spandex and whipped cream, baby.

6. What food would you like to lick off of someone's body?

- A. Meat
- B. Fair trade coffee
- C. Tofu with rice noodles and hummus
- D. Chocolate body paint (provided by Grandmother)

7. It's Valentine's Day. What does your Staph Member do for you?

- A. Demands flowers and chocolate.
- B. Dance, dance, dance!
- C. Remains under the impression that Valentine's Day is sometime in August.
- D. Takes you to dinner and a movie.

8. What sport turns you on?

- A. Pie eating contest
- B. Knowledge Bowl
- C. Foosball
- D. Mud wrestling

9. What musical best describes your favorite IE Staph Member?

- A. "Hair"
- B. "Damn Yankees"
- C. "Les Miserables"
- D. "Cats"

10. What household appliance turns you on?

- A. Chainsaw
- B. Coffee maker
- C. Electric blanket
- D. Massaging showerhead



Congratulations! Your soulmate is:

Mostly A's... **Laura H. (you lucky dog, you!)**

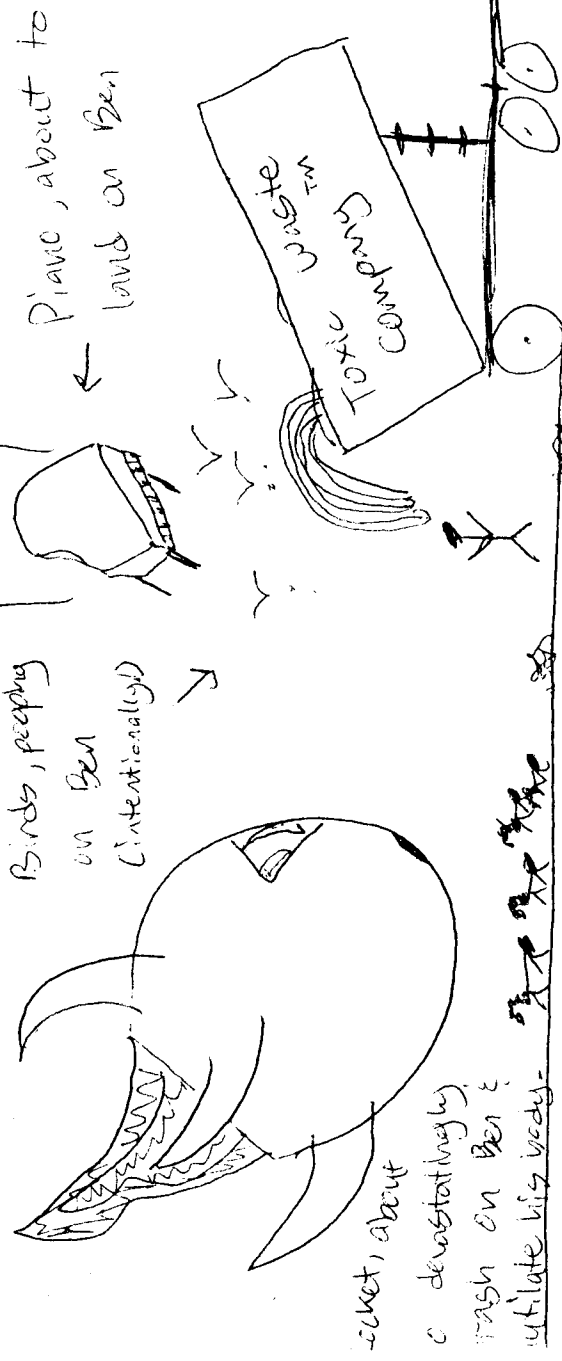
Mostly B's... **Laura S. (I'm sorry, man...)**

Mostly C's... **Ben**

Mostly D's... **YOU SICK BASTARD! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!?!?**



Ben has a Bad Day by Replacement Nick



Labid weasels about to gnaw and rip on Ben and dine on his delightful corpse which they now call a meal.



Ellen's fuzzy socks make me hot and bother(ed) too much time alone?
Yes my socks are swell I will take them off for you Come to me tootsie!
Hair like peaceful waves Her glasses shine like moonlight Too bad I can't learn

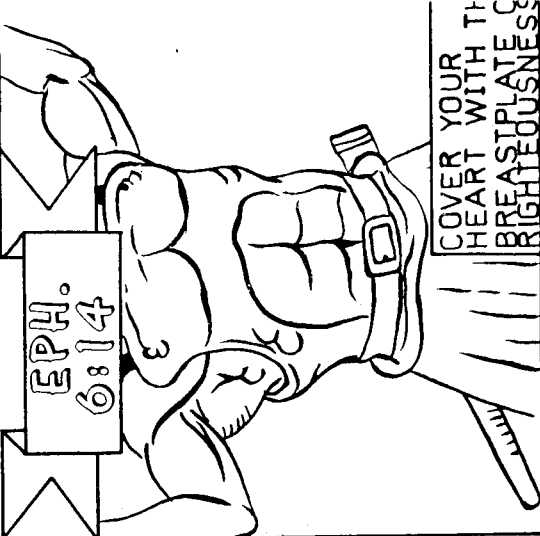
Random Projectiles Thrown from

Blue Subaru by Thad Rocket

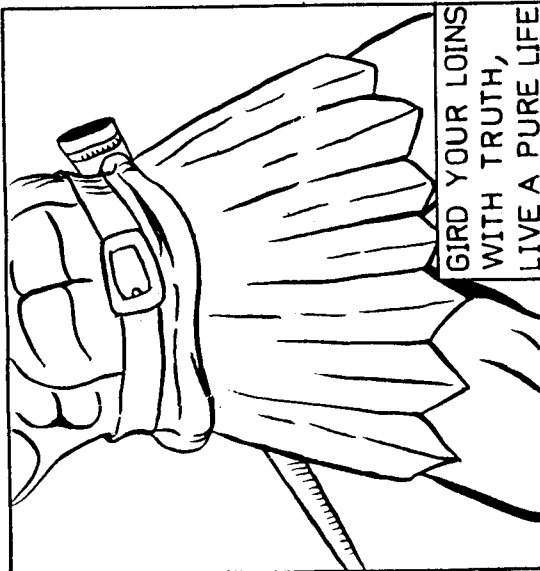
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South Tacoma residents have been terrorized lately by a group of teenagers riding in a blue Subaru station wagon. The "Blue Bomber," as the vehicle has come to be known, has been repeatedly spotted discharging random items at passers-by. The reign of terror started with a group of Bellarmine boys cross country runners, who were hit by a tightly compacted bag of ice. Since then, many citizens have witnesses other objects being hurled out of the vehicle. Apples, oranges, and even lemons have been used as deadly weapons. Shoving forethought, lemons were stabbed to induce maximum citric acid release. The most perplexing case was that of a bag of ice being launched at a truck. The bewildered occupant of the vehicle rolled down his window to attempt to nab the assailant, but he could not discern the guilty parties. Residents of Tacoma, be advised: It is no longer safe to take that evening stroll. Projectile launch is usually accompanied by a "Yaaaahhh!" from the Blue Bomber. Beware.



COVER YOUR
HEART WITH THE
BREASTPLATE OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS



GIRD YOUR LOINS
WITH TRUTH,
LIVE A PURE LIFE



PUT ON THE SAN-
DALS OF THE
GOSPEL OF PEACE

EPH.
6:15

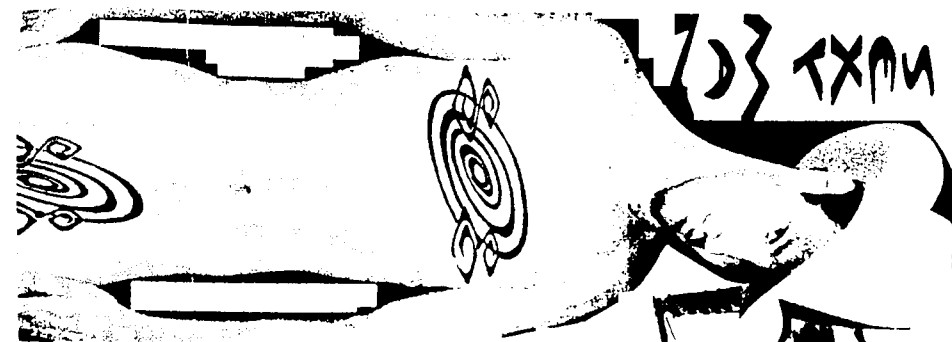
Ed. Err Has a Thoughtful Thought:

Have you ever had the urge to create a completely non-sexual game and name it "Hide the salami?"

This has been another thoughtful thought from Ed. Err

NOTHING GIRLS MY
LOINS LIKE SUBMITTING
TO IE!

SUBMIT TO THE IE BOX TODAY! 2



TOUCH ME, I'M REAL
I have watched you for two years, and have yet to tell you how I feel. Let's do a testcross and see what happens

LET ME BE YOUR DAVID HUME
Thirty fanatical biology students looking for slightly nervous teacher for fun and games.

SOME PEOPLE CALL ME A SPACE COWBOY
You can call me a ganster of love. Drop me a line and unmask your not so secret admirer.

E-MAIL ME
Perky, dedicated biology fan seeks older soulmate for snuggling over *Scientific American* and much, much more.

♥ To respond, call 1-877-925-5579 ♥

These pages are packed with girls and boys looking for love.

PLACE AN AD FOR FREE TODAY!

YOUR AD:

The first few words will be your headline — so make it good! You only have 40 words or less.

CATEGORY: (CHECK ONE) ☐ I Saw U ☐ Girls Seeking Boys ☐ Boys Seeking Girls ☐ Girls Seeking Girls ☐ Boys Seeking Boys ☐ Other Seeking

Scientific IE
Personals



"GIVE YOURSELF OVER..."

TO IE

Hey, Kids! Join us next time
when

**IE Sells
Out!**

Disclaimer: Writer's club and its
syndicate, IE, are not affiliated with Henry
Foss High School in any way, shape, or form.
You know where you did not get this.